

WOMEN WHO HAVE DRIVEN HUSBANDS TO THE MADHOUSE.



Mrs. Edward Parker Deacon.

The Strange Cases of Langtry and Deacon Point a Moral.

PENALTY ALWAYS SURE.

Sometimes Death, Sometimes Insanity Punishes the Loving Man.

SEEMS LIKE A FATALITY.

No Less True To-day Than in the Time of Helen of Troy and Other Classic Beauties.

EDGAR SALTUS ON THE PROBLEM

from the gentleman whose name she bore—at arm's length—she never explained. Even otherwise there are explanations which explain nothing, and, besides, truth should be charming or else withheld. In the case of Mrs. Deacon, the writer can only take refuge in a platitude—a woman is to her husband what her husband has made her. As a girl, this lady was one of the most charming young women it was possible to encounter. Her beauty, which is legendary, was the least of her attractions. She was wholesome, intellectual and sympathetic. The change which Mr. Deacon worked in her must have been great, got alone in view of what she did, but of what she said. After the shooting, her first inquiry was whether the scandal would affect her position. There are women like that, but their development is due to their husbands. That, however, is a detail.

In these three cases the absence of similarity is apparent. They are diverse, unrelated and without other resemblance than the effect produced on the male element. That effect being in each instance identical, and in each instance disastrous, it remains to inquire whether the companionship of a beautiful woman is a bane or a blessing.

By Edgar Saltus.

THE insanity of Mr. Deacon, accentuated by the death of Mr. Langtry, is suggestive. Here are two men, each of whom married a tearing beauty and on each the microbe of mania batted. Why? Why, indeed! Adorably constructed, they were constructed to be adored. From afar, however, saints may—and probably do—become angels. But the transformation of an angel into a saint is unrecorded. The reason is clear. It is a step backward. Where is the self-respecting angel who would consent to such a thing? Mrs. Langtry refused pointblank; so, too, did Mrs. Deacon.

That was pretty tough on their husbands. But, then, a woman's heart is a bonbon wrapped in riddles. A fool stops to solve; a wise man nibbles away. The riddle with which Mr. Deacon was gratified, perplexed him to such an extent that he invited the whole world to view his solution of it. Lord Houghton remarked that a gentleman never sees or hears anything which was not intended for him. Mr. Langtry agreed with him entirely. Mr. Deacon didn't. He set about to diminish the census. As in each instance the result was practically the same it seems to prove, does it not, that where a woman is concerned a chap never quite knows where he is at?

Woman a Phenomenon. Yet that is natural. Women are alike in this, they are every one of them different. What is worse, they are so simple that men don't understand them. Where there is but a straight line they seek the complexity of a labyrinth, find nothing and lose themselves in it. All of which while distressing is not to the point.

Mrs. Langtry's reasons for separating

Women of Old. Delloah was a beautiful woman, and, more or less, as De Vigny sang, every beautiful woman is delloah. He might have added Diana, too. Not Diana the shunner of men, but Diana the huntress of them. Look antiquity up and down, and not a symptom of compassion is discernible. In that respect woman, who always varies is not varied in the least. Her attitude is less human than classic. Panthers never torture their prey. The torture which one young person inflicted was such that for her the war of the world was fought; for her the topless towers of Ilium burned. In legend she is very fascinating. In private life—merci!

As with Helen, so with Cleopatra. It was because of this Viper of the Nile that Anthony, who had made and unmade kings, renounced love, empire and life. Then there was Guinevere, whose beauty killed her lord, Siegfried died, she woke a war in which she perished, too. "Then," says the historian, "alone at the board King Etzel sat and wept. He touched not of the mead-horn. Sorrow was his meat; tears had he for drink. So Pain dogs Beauty's steps. Ended was the feast."

In chronicles contemporaneous and subsequent, romantic and historic, in the stream of documents that mount from days remote into our own, the testimony is invariable, identical and the same. Pain does dog Beauty's steps. The fact is noteworthy, for beauty is the seal which Nature places only on her most perfect creations. It is the truest of symbols, and by the same token the most rare.

Here Lies the Explanation. In that rarity lies the explanation of its effect. About beauty there circulates an atmosphere which exalts. The vagaries of genius are attributable to no other cause. The poet is at home with the sublime, not with the ordinary. Accustomed to the air of the heights, when he descends he suffocates. Clap the wings of the albatross,

there is nothing clumsier, but watch him aloft in the sky! The insupportable scintillations in which the poet moves differ but relatively from the material conceptions of him to whose approach beauty has consented. Both are prisoners of the ideal. Free them, and like kings discredited they go forth not citizens, but out-lawed men. The very rhythms of their existence has departed and then, in accordance with their temperament, they shoot, become insane or die. Sometimes all three. It would be pathetic, were it not absurd.

A Bit of Philosophy. "A beautiful woman," said Epictetus, "is a disaster." And Epictetus, who was seldom wrong, was right. There is something in the gift of beauty, which—speaking historically, if you please, and not locally, or even contemporaneously—renders the recipient perverse. There are plain women, and plenty of them, who are perfect devils, too. But that is neither here nor there. Besides it is their presence that distresses, never their absence. With their fairer and perhaps equally diabolical sisters, it is, unfortunately, just the other way.

There are few, however, who will admit it, and no wonder Fifth Avenue is worse than any jungle could be. And fewer still are they who will be frightened from beauty by the pertinence of history's parallels. But then, real beauty is like large wealth; the majority of us will never enjoy either, whether we want to or whether we don't.

None the less this fact remains. Professional beauties should have the dance signal hoisted wherever they go. The penalty for marrying them is not always death; it is not always dishonor; it is not always the atavism of the insane. But drink is less deleterious. They promise; they don't fulfill. Having given their love, they take it away. And yet, who shall blame them? The divine cannot mate with mere man.



Mrs. Langtry, the "Jersey Lily."



"The Lily" and the Prince.



Mr. Deacon's Struggle for His Children.

BEARDED WOMAN'S HUSBANDS.

She Had Six, But They All Went Away, Although Shaved Regularly.

With the death of Mrs. Julia Hamilton the bearded woman at the county farm at Great Falls, Mont., a book of romance is closed and all debts have been cancelled. During her eight years' residence there probably not over a hundred people knew that Mrs. Hamilton's first duty every morning was to shave and thus a growth of beard as luxuriant as man ever wore was kept from the world's view.

Deserted and alone, with not a crust of bread in her house, the old lady was found a few weeks ago by her neighbors. She was ill and had not shaved for several weeks and had a beard three inches long, covering her chin and sides of her face. She was taken to the county hospital, where she passed away, and was buried by the county. Just before her death she told that during her life she had been married six times and each of her husbands had deserted her.

She came to Great Falls about eight years ago from Vermont. In the Fall of 1888 R. C. Adams, an old Grand Army man, decided that he wanted a wife. He advertised in Heart and Hand, a Chicago matrimonial publication, and among his answers was one from the woman who has just died. Photos were exchanged, and Adams sent money to bring her out. On her arrival Adams discovered that she was not the original of the picture, and after her long trip had quite a growth of whiskers. He refused point blank to marry her.

Several old-timers, learning of the strange woman's predicament, went to Adams and gave him just so many hours to have the ceremony performed. He obeyed, and they were made one at the Elm House. A few months later Adams tumbled his elated and has never since been heard of. He left her some property, and a few years later she

met and married a man named Hamilton. Her wedded life again was short, for in a few months Hamilton deserted her and is now in the West.

Of late years her income had been meagre, and at times county aid was necessary. She had been in the county hospital about a month. After Hamilton deserted her she is credited with the remark, "The last husband gone," and later explained that she was married four times in Vermont—Anaconda (Mont.) Standard.

FOR BONES OF DOGS.

In a Cemetery Are Resting Quietly the Remains of a Master's Best Friends.

Close to the old mansion of the late Caspar W. Morris, at Wisconsin, now the home of the Red Dragon Canoe Club, there is a queer little cemetery. Mr. Morris, who was a great sportsman, who loved his gun, his dogs, and all the other things, animate and inanimate, that go to make up a sportsman's treasures, was known the country round for the very fine kennels which he maintained. The little cemetery referred to shelters the remains of some of Mr. Morris's favorite dogs. A good dog was as always well thought of by the old man as any human servant, and he believed in honoring them when they died. The mounds over the thirty odd graves there have long since sunk to the level of the ground around them, but the stones set up at the head and foot of each still stand. There are no epitaphs nor even an inscription on any of them, but they mutely tell that underneath them lie the bones of "Don," "Princess," "Queens," "Carlos" and "Rollis," who, in their day, were the petted favorites of their master, and there they will probably lie so long as the estate remains in the Morris family.—Philadelphia Record.



Deacon in the Madhouse.



Deacon Shoots His Rival.



Mrs. Langtry Gets a Divorce.

DON'T FEAR KLONDYKE COLD.

Two St. Louis Lawyers See No Need of Waiting for Gentle Spring.

H. M. Dalton and P. H. Levin, both attorneys from St. Louis, passed through St. Paul yesterday, leaving on the Northern Pacific coast train in the afternoon for what is vaguely known as the Klondyke. They stopped off at St. Paul for a visit with Edward J. Dargatz, and while in this city were his guests.

"We are not a part of the wild, hap-hazard rush to the Klondyke," said Mr. Dalton to a reporter for the Globe, discussing their plans and prospects, "but we believe there are great possibilities for young men in the new country, and we intend to find out if we are right."

From what we have read, the great difficulty seems to be that the passes are blocked, or heavy travel, hosts of people trying to get over the roads that are wet and heavy with rain and easily cut up. The advice usually given is to wait until Spring, and then before the passes are again deep with mud to go through on the frozen ground. Now, if the trip is to be made when things are frozen, we do not see why it is necessary to wait for Spring. It would seem to be as easy to get through on the first freeze as on the last one, and that, in brief, is our plan."

"You must understand, however," broke in Mr. Levin, "that all of this is conditional. We are not absolutely set on trying our luck to the Klondyke placers, or any of the alluvial streams. The possibilities of Alaska are not confined to the Klondyke. There is, for instance, the Copper River, which comes down to the coast, and which is said to be very promising for prospectors. More than that, general merchandising will be a field of great profit for any of the 'diggers' who develop mines and the wonderful promises of to-day are possible that the

great fortunes will be made by those who never try their fortunes in the mines. We are not committed to any plan, and have enough capital that will be available to enable us to try that field of activity that promises the most."—St. Paul Globe.

FANNIE'S TRIUMPH. Dainty little Fannie Grayson clapped her hands in ecstasy, and danced and sang as if she had been enchanted. Then she ran to her sister Lillian and hugged her and said:

"Oh, I'm so happy!"

"What's happened?" Lillian asked. "Why, didn't you see Tom Taddling when he went away just now?" Fannie pined.

"Yes, what of him?"

"He's asked me to be his wife. Oh, Lillian, just feel how my heart flutters!" Lillian Grayson was tall and willowy, and she had a good-sized muscle. Holding her sweet, tender sister off at arm's length she exclaimed:

"Well, I don't see why you should go crazy over that! You surely didn't accept him. Remember that we come of an old family. Our grandfather made enough money in the logging business to be able to retire when he was forty-seven years old, while Tom Taddling's mother had to teach school for a living until she got married. There is a social gulf between our families that never can be bridged."

"Oh, bother your gruffs and bridges!" cried Fannie. "I told Tom that I couldn't think of being his wife, and he started away swearing that he would either kill himself or propose to Clara Coulton, Tully Klondyke. There is, for instance, the Copper River, which comes down to the coast, and which is said to be very promising for prospectors. More than that, general merchandising will be a field of great profit for any of the 'diggers' who develop mines and the wonderful promises of to-day are possible that the